

## dead by orphan\_account

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Lumax, angststsysysysy, its everything lumax should Not be, lucas CALLS MAX OUT

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-12-29

**Updated:** 2017-12-29

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 15:07:40

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,100

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

you say you can't live without me,  
why aren't you dead yet?  
why you still breathing?

## dead

### Author's Note:

for my lumax warrior rachel!!!!!!!!!! love u girl

she had been acting different. lucas knew that. she had been acting different and her brother had been babysitting her more and more. lucas also knew he promised her that she was nothing like him. she wasn't. but then the restless nights thinking about what went wrong and who started yelling first had him perplexed. of course, he never lied to her. max was nothing like billy.

max wouldn't stay that way if the constant 'bonding' time between the siblings lasted much longer.

*"all you do is play those stupid board games that are meant for little kids!" max yelled, waving her hands wildly at lucas. "we haven't been around each other for days! because of that game! it's just a silly game!"*

*"max, it's more than that and you know it," lucas replied calmly, trying not to make her any angrier. the jab hurt in his heart, though, the game was the gang's way of forgetting the upside down. forgetting the hawkins lab. a temporary distraction.*

*"no, it really isn't. just a dumb board game. i'm going home, stalker, i don't have the time to be debating over a kids game. jesus christ," max mumbled, gathering her skateboard. lucas' heart hurt a bit more as he saw the totally tubular sticker plastered to the bottom of it.*

*"have fun with the racist! choosing home with someone who hates me*

*versus someone who cares about you and would love to talk things out? fine! just run away.” he wiped a tear, hoping she didn’t see.*

*“at least he won’t bother me.” another stake at his heart.*

lucas trudged over to dustin’s house, hoping he’d get an explanation of some sort. dustin was his best friend, surely he’d know what was wrong with max. lucas trusted dustin. walking over, the air was cold. *he likes it cold he likes it cold he likes it col-* dustin’s house seemed far away. max’s normality seemed far away, also, so he lived with it. the bitterness crisped against his skin, he felt hypothermia crawling up his throat, but lucas was finally at the henderson’s door.

“dustin! it’s not my fault! it isn’t!” he heard a female voice yell. before knocking, he peered in the window. *and i like talking to you, too, stalker.* max. “i just get so angry, i get so frustrated and i don’t know why!” lucas’ heart broke a little. a tiny sliver, that is, as he thought back to the screaming battles they’ve had for days.

“max, i’m sure it’ll be alright. what did you even say?”

“well, i said dungeons and dragons was a kids game for starters.”

“oh. you’re right, it was a dumb decision. why would you even say that?” dustin’s voice was laced with pity, but defense for his friend also.

“not helping!” her voice shrilled.

*"billy needs me home to cook dinner for him," she bluntly said, right in the middle of their date. it was a faulty date, since all they had been doing was arguing.*

*"of course he does! like the seventeen year old can't cook a damn chicken breast!" lucas started walking away, the park seeming too full for his liking.*

*"you're just mad i got more friends than the little group you guys have!"*

*"when did i say that, max? now you sound dumb. you're just assuming things now."*

*"did you just call me dumb? that's the pot calling the kettle black!"*

*"i'll say it again, if you'd like. maybe the message wasn't clear enough."*

so lucas knocked. dustin and max fell silent, dustin knowing it was lucas and max hoping it wasn't. "i'll get the door," dustin had said.

"max," lucas breathed out, looking at her. lucas had an unexplainable admiration towards max, even if they were dating. max had helped will come to terms about his sexuality, made mike realize he was only with eleven because he was scared about liking will, supported dustin with his hyper-fixations. with this admiration, he knew the person who yelled at him wasn't max. it was billy. "let's talk."

“what is there to talk about, stalker?” she hissed, cheeks as red as her hair. “i’m a dick? yeah, i know that. are you breaking up with me for it? you should. it’s not what you deserve,” her voice broke a bit at the end, but she remained eye contact.

lucas walked over to her, taking her hand and pulling it towards dustin’s family room. dustin stood in the hallway, shaking his head at the pair before heading upstairs. the two sat down and max’s eyes looked down. lucas knew his girlfriend, and he knew that if she looked at him now she’d start crying. never the one to want to look weak. another thing to admire. lucas put that on his mental list.

“are you here to lecture me?” max whispered, keeping her hand in his. she slouched on the couch, looking small.

“yeah, kind of.” max let out what would resemble a laugh if her heart wasn’t so heavy.

“it’s not gonna work, dustin already tri-” lucas cut her off.

“why are you acting like how you are?”

“like how i am? what’s that supposed to mean?” she spat.

“you’re right, this isn’t you.” lucas bit back, “this is *him* talking. and you know it,” max looked up, a tear finally falling.

“i know,” max sniffled, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear. “i

know, lu.”

“when he looks after you, you can’t be with him. you’re always welcome at my house, you know that. my family loves you,” he smiled weakly, running his thumb over her knuckles.

“but it’s almost every day, wouldn’t you be annoyed by me? i would. especially after these few weeks.” max leaned into him more, putting her head on his shoulder. lucas laid his head on her’s. they both collectively sighed.

“i wouldn’t be annoyed by you. i love you, i don’t love billy or his impact on you. and i think, deep down, you acknowledge that, too. that’s why whenever we fight, you have this look of hesitation in your eyes,” he sighed, and max let out a small sob. he turned to face her, but not quite meeting her eyes.

“there’s no excuse for how i’ve been treating you,”

“you’re right.” lucas raised his eyebrows, looking down at her. the stare battle was intense.

“but i’m sorry.” max looked down again, the last tear falling.

“i think you’ve known that you’ve been sorry for longer than today.”

“yeah, you’re spot on with that one.”

lucas smiled, stronger this time. “i always am, madmax.”